



## An African King Some Day, Now a Yankee College Boy.

**S**O-MAYOU, a native African, and presumptive ruler of a great tribe, has just been graduated from Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me. He is probably the first heir to a throne who has ever been graduated from an American college.

His career at the Maine college has been pursued with the greatest ambition and perseverance. Now that it is all over he is entitled to preach as a minister of the Free Baptist Church, a denomination to which all colored people are partial. He proposes to spend the next year travelling all over the United States under the auspices of the church whose faith he has adopted. Then he will return to the Bassa tribe, on the west coast of Africa, near the Gulf of Guinea, and devote his life to the welfare of this barbarous superstition, taking that of Louis Penick Clinton.

The first effort So-Mayou made after his arrival in this country was to change his name, taking that of Louis Penick Clinton. His uncle, the present ruler, usurped the throne, and the younger heir to it was compelled to escape to Liberia.

All through his college career he has been able to keep pace with the American students in all his studies, and now feels satisfied that he can enlighten his tribe in the English language and religion.

When he returns to Africa he intends to remove his uncle's jealousy by telling him he does not want the throne which rightfully belongs to him, but simply desires to found schools and institutes for the people where they may be educated and enlightened.

So  
Mayou  
Before  
and  
After.

Though  
Unconscious  
He Still  
Played  
Football.



Condit Dibble, the Williams College Half Back Whose Memory Played Such Queer Pranks.

## This Man's Diet of Hardware Killed Him.

Swallowed Knives, Nails, Tacks, Screws and Glass

**H**ARRY WHALLEN, the Human Ostrich, has died of indigestion. He was probably the most successful Human Ostrich in the world; but at last he swallowed a knife too much. The stomach, which had been familiarized with knives, nails and broken glass for years, was deranged, perhaps, in a moment of weakness by a knife that was a trifle too large.

When Whallen's stomach was opened by the surgeons it was found to contain exactly one hundred and seventeen pieces of iron and steel, as well as three ounces of glass. The list of objects in the "Ostrich's" interior is as follows:

- 1 4-bladed knife, 3 1/2 inches long.
- 1 2-bladed knife, 4 inches long.
- 1 knife blade, 3 1/2 inches long.
- 1 knife blade, three inches long.
- 2 knife blades, two inches long.
- 1 knife blade, 1 inch long.
- 27 eight and ten penny wire nails.
- 32 six-penny wire nails, sharp pointed.
- 26 shingle nails, 1 inch long.
- 16 long carpet tacks and small wire nails.
- 1 horseshoe nail.
- 3 large screws.
- 1 barbed wire staple.
- 3 ounces fine glass.

Whallen was discovered by P. T. Barnum. At the age of ten he began swallowing iron and glass. Since then he had continued the practice all over the country.

A little more than a week ago he found himself at Pilot Grove, Mo. He gave a street performance for the benefit of the natives and ate a beer glass and a few

wire nails. The town marshal offered him a two-bladed knife.

But that knife was the last straw. Two days later, when Whallen reached Kansas City, he felt severe pains. He went to the German Hospital and was examined by the X rays.

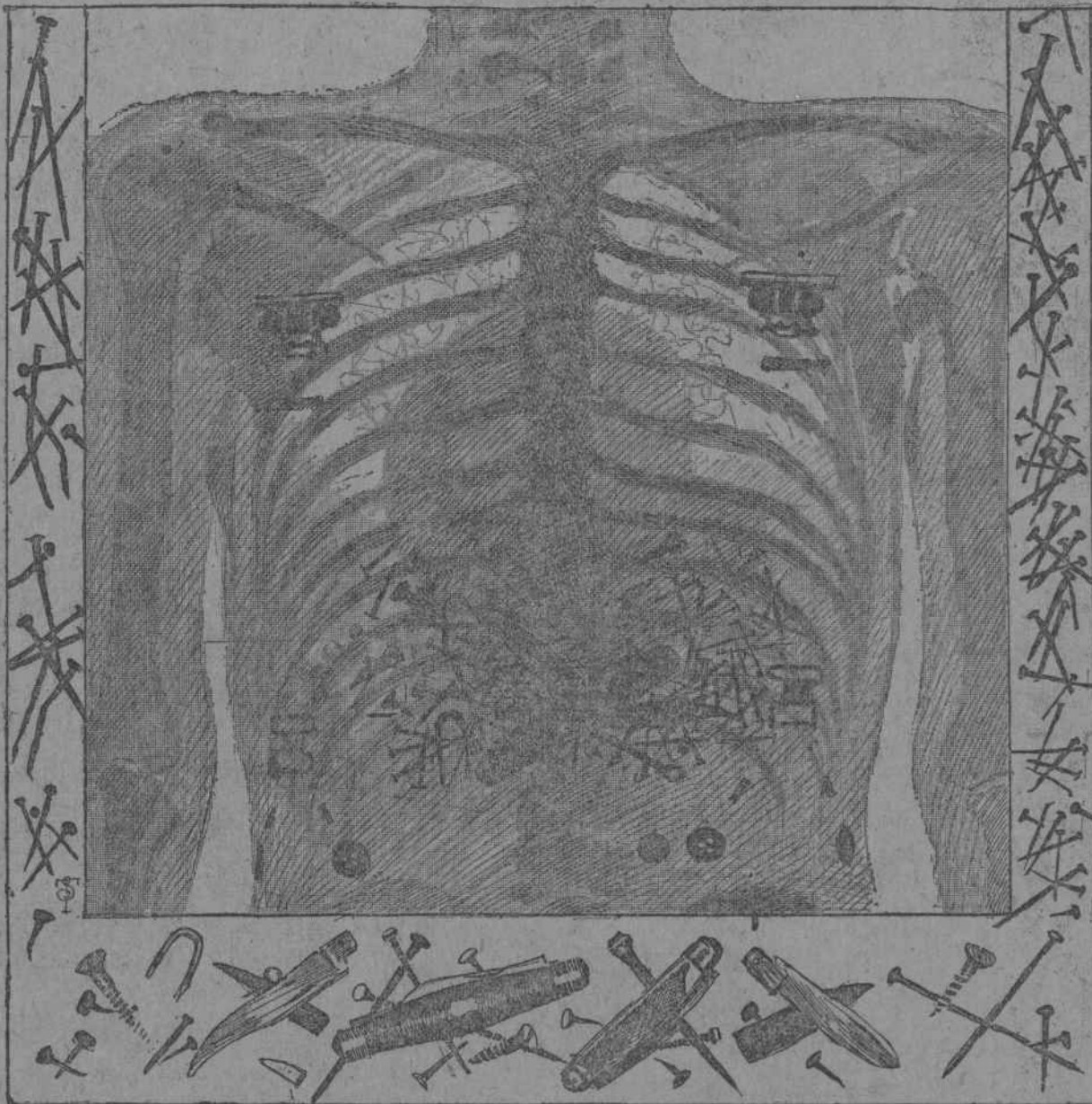
Whallen showed plenty of pluck. He had been having a peculiarly hard time for some months past, and the way things were going seemed enough to drive any man to despair. Just before he was put under anæsthetics he said:

"Let 'er go. If I've got to die I might as well leave the hardware behind."

The disastrous effect of the marshal's knife was soon apparent. It had lodged in the lower part of the stomach in such a position that all the other articles had clogged around it.

At the post-mortem examination many pieces of broken glass and one shingle nail were found in his intestines. The intestines were ulcerated, and the physicians declared that Whallen had been slowly starving to death for months.

Whallen's explanation of how he had eaten "a lamp chimney for breakfast every morning for seventeen years, besides hundreds of pounds of nails, spikes, staples, screws and other hardware, and still lived," was that he always ate a little out-meal just before giving his performance, and more afterward. The oatmeal, he said, formed a coating on the inside of the stomach and intestines and around the hardware, and assisted in preventing injury to the alimentary canal as it passed through.



## The Cast-Iron Stomach of a Human Ostrich Photographed.

The X Ray and a Photograph After the Autopsy Disclosed the Astonishing Fact That Harry Whallen Had Devoured 117 Bits of Iron and Steel, Including Knife Blades, Nails, Screws and Many Tacks.

## A CENTURY BETWEEN THESE BRIDES.

Marriage of An Ancient Indian Dame, A Little Chicago Schoolgirl, Aged 14, Aged 115, With a Gay Young Buck of Ninety-Eight. Becomes the Child-Wife of a Prominent Politician.

It is said that Cupid knows no season, and that love is blind. Let it be added that Hymen is indifferent as to the age of those who stand within the glow of his torch.

On Sunday of last week there were solemnized two weddings remarkable in the one instance for the extreme age of the bride, in the other for her extreme youth.

It was at the mission of San Fernando, one of the century old stations of the Spanish priests who discovered the golden State, that the remarkable wedding of a bride of 115 was solemnized. The church is within an easy ride, mule back, of Los Angeles, and handsome young Father Laebna goes out there every Sunday to intone a mass, and to administer the sacraments of marriage and baptism, or to perform the last rites over the remains of some simple member of the faithful flock who has gone to his reward.

The wedding guests came from miles about on foot, on horseback and even some in clumsy, primitive carts. A chaplain of Indians, half-breeds and picturesque Mexicans.

The bride is known as "Old Maria." She has an Indian name, perhaps, but for many years she has been simply "Old Maria." She is part of the history of the mission. When it was built, one hundred years ago, she was a buxom Indian girl fifteen years old. With her strong young hands she helped to make the great adobe bricks and carried to their place many that are set in the walls that look down to-day upon a wedding which quite possibly may be her last.

It is by no manner of means the first time that Maria has been led to the altar, even during the memory of man. Father Laebna cannot and Maria herself will not tell you of her earlier experiences. But of late years it has become a sort of cus-

tom of the community, expected if not exacted, for Maria to marry the oldest single male inhabitant.

The bridegroom, according to a correspondent present at the ceremony, was a shy young thing in the latter thirties. He arrived at the door of the chapel, where his bride and the priest awaited him after all the congregation was assembled. He was coaxed forward with some difficulty, but, once inside, his reverence for the place carried him safely through the service.

When it was over the priest, who doubtless wished to entertain the young people of his charge, instructed the new made husband to kiss his wife. He was reluctant, but the father insisted, and the old man finally attended to the matter quite with the air of finding it a most severe and unusual penance which the good and wise priest had seen fit to inflict upon him.

The Chicago story is that of a girl in love at six, engaged at ten and married at fourteen. Her name is Hazel G. Spalding, and she is said to be as pretty as a fairy. She was still in short skirts and in regular attendance upon a Chicago public school up to the day before she became, with her mother's consent, the wife of C. Harrison Frost, aged thirty, and the proprietor of a printing establishment in the city by the ill-smelling river. Mr. Frost is quite an active young Republican, an officer of the Cook County organization, and marshal of a McKinley club. It is suggested that he be added to the ranks of the legion of "original" McKinley men.

Hear him tell the story of his marriage. It had been given out that he had eloped with the child. He was seen at the house of his bride's parents, where he seemed to be in full possession, and said:

"Our marriage was a surprise to many,

but it was not an elopement. In fact, owing to the age of the bride, it couldn't have been an elopement. I secured the consent of Mrs. Spalding to our wedding and then I got the license. Sunday afternoon I started out for a walk with Miss Spalding, and when we came back she was Mrs. Frost. We strolled to the Wicker Park Lutheran Church, on Hoyne avenue, and there we were married by the Rev. H. W. Roth. I had notified two friends, Mrs. H. A. Sullivan and Mr. C. W. Russey, and they were on hand to act as witnesses. We intended to keep the wedding a secret, but it got out, as such matters will.

"There is a good deal of romance about our wedding," went on Mr. Frost, meditatively. "This is a case where there is a genuine—what do you call it—affinity? You see, I met my bride for the first time when she was only six years old. I was selling a patent furniture polish which I manufactured, and had called at the house as I had at hundreds of others. When I saw little Hazel I was perfectly fascinated, and I said to myself that there was my—what do you call it—affinity? I think the feeling was reciprocated at once. Anyway, we went together steadily, and four years ago, when she was ten years old, we became engaged."

This child wife is said to be quite a clever pianist and has frequently appeared at Scottish entertainments in singing and dancing specialties. She is somewhat precocious. The marriage, however, does not meet popular approval, but Mr. Frost and his bride and the Spaldings senior seem to be reconciled, if not elated. The bride has been packed off to school, however, as per agreement.

As to "Old Maria," she has settled down to her honeymoon with her juvenile spouse of ninety-eight, against the day when she will appear at the little mission once more as a bereaved widow.

## The Football Player Who Lost His Memory

Half Back Dibble's Strange Mental Experience

**C**ONDITION DIBBLE, the famous Williams half back, has fully recovered his memory. He met with an accident last Fall, the results of which placed him in one of the most peculiar and painful conditions a man has ever experienced.

In the Williams College game last October he sprained his ankle severely. In order to secure good medical skill he soon after visited relatives at North Adams, Mass., near Williamstown. One day while walking he slipped, breaking his cane. Falling backward his head struck the pavement with considerable force. Although stunned for several moments, he thought nothing of the matter and did not even mention his accident to his friends. On the fifth day succeeding his fall, he was suddenly taken with severe pains in his head. He soon had to take to his bed.

In a short time his condition became such that the services of the Williams football coaches in addition to other strong men were required to hold him in bed. He imagined himself in a game. He would give the signals and toss wildly around as he played the game. For six days many doubts were expressed concerning his recovery. The North Adams physicians pronounced the trouble cerebral meningitis, caused by injuries sustained from results of the game in which he was hurt. When Dibble regained consciousness he retained all his faculties with the exception of his memory.

The physician thought Dibble's memory would return if he was taken back to his home at Perry, Mass. After much per-

suasion he consented to return to Perry. He certainly had a sad home coming. His old friends appeared as strangers to him. He had to learn over again the names of old streets.

He was at last persuaded to be reintroduced to former friends. He soon took a fancy to many of his old friends, as well as to some of his former enemies. Although he often felt much embarrassed, he finally mingled with his fellow townsmen to a considerable extent. After much urging he joined an amateur dramatic company, where he acceptably filled the leading role.

Dr. Floyd S. Crego, of Buffalo, a specialist in nervous diseases, was consulted. He said Dibble would wake up some morning with his memory fully recovered. The result has justified this prediction. After a long, painful wait of several months Dibble's memory has fully returned. He awoke one morning last week and everything was clear. His joy cannot be described. It has been so great that Dibble has been scarcely able to eat. He may now be seen telling the friends of his youth of his recovery as well as receiving their warm congratulations. Bill Jones, whom he has called "Mr. Jones" since his accident, is now "Bill" again. He remembers all about the streets, where for a long time he was scarcely able to find his way.

Dibble has already received offers from many leading colleges where he would be an acquisition to their football teams next Fall.



"Old Maria," Aged 115, and Her Indian Bridegroom, Aged 98



The 14-Year-Old Schoolgirl Who Is Now Mrs. C. H. Frost.